Donkey Kosh

Florence + the Machine

With a donkey on my shoulder,
And a jackal on my back,
I'll carry these, my children,
Keep them safe from attack

The donkey makes it hard to dance, the jackal sings too loud
The donkey cries when it's alone, and the jackal is too proud

Little donkey is getting restless,
Getting heavier as it grows
And the jackal, spoiled and spiteful,
Keeps biting at my nose

I would have a lover,
A husband, and a child
But the donkey is too jealous,
And the jackal is too wild

It's too wild

You ask me why I keep them,
Why I love them so,
Why they get away with murder,
As they grow and grow and grow, oh

I keep them cos I made them,
They come from in my loins
With each mistake I make
Creative, and torn apart

And when it's time to feed them,
Before they go to bed,
I give them my confessions,
Baked within their bread

Little donkey is getting restless,
Getting heavier as it grows
And the jackal, spoiled and spiteful,
Keeps biting at my nose

Little donkey is getting restless,
Getting heavier as it grows
And the jackal, spoiled and spiteful,
Keeps biting at my nose

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!